

Song Book of the Old Dominion Fighter Squadron

149 TFS, 192 TFG, VA ANG (Virginia Air National Guard)

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10C WALLY FEY  
1976

# SONG BOOK OF THE OLD DOMINION FIGHTER SQUADRON

149 TFS



192 TFG

VAANG

LAST OF THE GENTLEMEN DAY FIGHTER PILOTS

## THE 149TH FIGHTER PILOT'S SONGBOOK

### INTRODUCTION

This is a word of warning .... a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately will, be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are the songs that are sung by fighter pilots throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn.

Many of these lyrics were adapted by pilots of the Korean conflict, after having been popular among the same warriors during WWII. At least one or two were sung around the camp fires of the eve of Gettysburg.

Therefore, these are not the songs of a particular degenerate generation. They are, however, an integral part of military life in the field.

You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DIXIE

Oh, I wish I was in the Land of Cotton.  
Old times there are not forgotten  
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land where I was born,  
Early on one frosty morn.  
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie, Away, Away  
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand  
To live and die in Dixie  
Away, Away, Away down S O U T H IN DIXIE.

## AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder  
Climbing high, into the sun  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
At 'em boys, give her the gun.  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one hell of a roar,  
We live in fame, or go down in flame,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

### CHORUS

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
the vastness of the sky.  
To a friend we send a message of  
His brother men who fly,  
We drink to those who gave their all of old  
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
The U. S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
Set it high into the blue;  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;  
How they lived God only knew!  
(God only knew then!)

Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer  
Gave us wings, ever to soar!  
With fighters before and bombers galore.  
Nothing 'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,  
Keep the wings level and true;  
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder  
Keep your nose out of the blue!  
(Out of the blue, boy!)

Flying men, guarding the nation's border,  
We'll be there, followed by more!  
In echelon we carry on,  
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

### BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall,  
Bless old man Republic for building this jet  
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet;  
For he tried to go over the wall  
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all,  
The needles did cross and the wings did come off --  
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all,  
The needle, the airspeed, the ball,  
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly,  
Sent me to solo and left me to die;  
If ever your blow jet should stall,  
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall.  
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots --  
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

### YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force  
We're a happy band they say  
We never do a lick of work  
Just fly around all day  
While others work and study  
And soon grow old and blind  
We take to the air without a care  
And you will never mind.

#### CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
So come and join the Air Force  
And you will never mind.

Come and get promoted  
As high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train  
If you're an Air Force flier  
And when you get to General, you will surely find  
The engine coughs, your wings fall off  
But you will never mind.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND (Continued)

One day you loop and spin her  
and with an awful tear,  
You find yourself without your wings,  
But you will never care,  
For in about two minutes more  
Another pair you'll find,  
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet,  
And you will never mind.

You're flying across the ocean  
When you hear your engine spit  
You see your tach come to a stop  
The goddamned engine's quit  
The ship won't float, you cannot swim  
The shore is miles behind  
You'll be a dish for happy fish  
But you will never mind.

While flying over Laos  
In a Thunderchief  
There's one thing to remember  
And that's my firm belief  
I've only got one engine, Jack  
And if that bastard quits  
It'll be up there all by itself  
Cause I'm the kind that gits.

And if some wily MIG 21  
Should shoot you down in flames  
Don't sit around and bellyache  
And call the bastard names  
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk  
And pretty soon you'll find  
There is no hell and all is well  
And you will never mind.

Maybe you'll ride the gravy train  
In administrative work  
Let other guys light up the skies  
Why should you be a jerk  
You'll meet that higher officer  
To whom you've been assigned  
With your nose in place  
And I don't mean on your face  
And you will never mind.

WRECK OF THE OLD NINETY SEVEN

There were ninety seven airplanes,  
Warming up on the apron  
Far as the eye could see,  
Now the first ninety six,  
Were of recent construction  
But the last was a 105D.

There was a second Lieutenant,  
Wandered into operations,  
And asked for a ship to fly,  
They said, "Young man,  
We are very short of airplanes  
But we'll get you a something by and by."

Now the first forty six,  
Are reserved for the majors,  
The Captains have the next forty nine;  
There's only one other ship  
On the end of the apron  
Said the shavetail, "Then that one is mine."

So he flew over Taejon  
And the Taegu airstrip,  
When the ceiling began to fall,  
The clouds closed down  
On the tops of the mountains,  
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain,  
He flew through the snowstorm  
When the light began to fail  
Then he spied a railroad  
Going in his direction  
And he said, "Better get there by rail."

He flew down the valley  
And he dodged through the canyons,  
Keeping that train in his sight,  
Till the rails disappeared  
In a hole in the mountains,  
That was the end of his flight

It was old ninety-seven  
With her nose in the mountain,  
Her wheel's set akimbo on the track,  
Yes, her throttle was bent  
In the forward position,  
But the engine was facing straight back.

Oh, ladies, ladies, take fair warning  
From this time on:  
Never speak harsh words to your high-flying pilot,  
He may leave you and never return!

ITAZUKE TOWER

"Itasuke Tower, This is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning on the downwind leg,  
My prop has overrun;  
My coolant's overheated, the gage says 1-2-1,  
You'd better get the crash crew out  
And get them on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itasuke Tower,  
I cannot call the crash crew out,  
This is their coffee hour;  
You're not cleared in the pattern,  
Now that is plain to see,  
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning on my final,  
I'm running on one lung,  
I'm gonna land this Mustang  
No matter what you say,  
I'm gonna get my charts squared up  
Before that Judgment Day."

"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,  
We'd like to let you in right now,  
But we haven't got the power,  
We'll send a note through channels  
And wait for the reply,  
Until we get permission back,  
Just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and  
My flying days are done;  
I'm sorry that I blew up,  
I couldn't make the grade,  
I guess I should have waited till  
The landing was okayed."



STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A fighter pilot lay dying  
The medic has left him for dead  
All around him women were crying,  
These are the words that he said:

Take the tailpipe out of my kidney  
Take the burner out of my brain,  
Take the generator out of my stomach  
And assemble the unit again.

(CHORUS)

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozing,  
We are the boys that they send out to die  
Bosom buddies while boozin.

Down in the hangar they laugh and shout,  
Talk about things they know nothing about  
We are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin,  
Bosom buddies while boozin.

With rusty fifties and rockets  
With pilots as old as they seem,  
We'll fly these worn out Super Hogs, against the MIG 19  
Forgotten by the land that bore us  
Betrayed by the ones we hold dear,  
The good have all gone before us  
And only the dull are still here. (Back to Chorus)

We loop in the purple twilight  
We spin in the silvery dawn  
With black smoke trailing after  
To show where our comrades have gone.

So stand to your glasses steady  
This world is full of lies,  
Here's a toast, to those dead already  
And here's to the next man to die

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozing  
We are the boys that they send out to die  
Bosom buddies while boozin.

At TAC Headquarters they laugh and they shout  
Talk about things they know fuck all about  
But we are the boys that they send out to die  
Bosom buddies while boozing  
Bosom buddies while boozing

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL  
(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Beside a Korean waterfall,  
One bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Super Hog  
A young pursuiter lay,  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree,  
He was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words,  
The young pursuiter said:

I'm going to a better land,  
A better land that's right  
Where whisky flows from telegraph poles  
There's poker every night  
There isn't anything to do,  
But sit around and sing  
The crew chiefs will be women  
Oh death, where is they sting?

Oh death, where is they sting, ting-a-ling  
Oh death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling  
The bells in hell will ring ting-a-ling,  
For YOU ..... but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling  
Blow it out your tailpipe  
Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling  
Blow it out your tailpipe  
Oh, ring-a-ling a ling-ling  
Blow it out your tailpipe  
Better days are coming, by and by.

(Alternate Version)

Beside a Loatian jungle trail  
One bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Thunderchief  
A young Thud driver lay.  
His parachute hung from a tree,  
He was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words  
This young Thud driver said:

I'm going to .....(etc)

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS  
(Tune: Bless them All)

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter rotate  
They are scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain  
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

Just give me operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39  
The engine is mounted behind  
They'll tumble and spin and auger  
you in  
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a P-51  
It was alright for fighting the hun  
But with coolant tank dry, you'll  
run out of sky  
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a peter four oh  
It's a heli of an airplane I know  
A ground looping bastard, you're  
sure to get plastered  
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-61  
For night flying is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm  
scared of the dark  
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84  
She's just a ground loving whore  
She'll whine, moan and wheeze and  
she'll clobber the trees  
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,  
it gave many a pilot a jolt  
it looks like a jug and it flies like  
a jug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star  
It'll go, but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will  
flame out  
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-86  
With wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but  
as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89  
Tho' TIME says they'll really climb  
They're all in the States, all  
boxed up in crates  
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94  
It's never established a score  
It may fly in weather, but won't  
hold together  
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D  
With rockets, radar and A/B  
She's fast, I don't care, she  
blows up in mid air  
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a one-double-0  
The bastard is ready to blow  
The A/B is there, but you're  
saying a prayer  
Don't give me a one-double-0

Don't give me an F-102  
It never goes up when it's blue  
An all-weather coffin, that  
    flames out so often  
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me an F-104  
With blown boundary layer control  
One flap fails to blow and  
    over she'll go  
Don't give me an F-104.

Don't give me an F-105  
You'll never return her alive  
She's had so many knocks  
    she has throw away chocks  
Don't give me an F-105.

Don't give a bent wing F-4  
With a crew of 20 or more  
She'll stall and she'll pitch  
    and spin flat as a bitch  
Don't give me a bent wing F-4.

#### LOSING POWER

(Tune: I'm Looking Over A 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm losing power over Knoxville Tower  
    I can't go around again.  
My TPT is dropping and the gear won't come down,  
    My nose is pointed right into the ground;  
And there's no need explaining the fuel remaining,  
    It looks like this is the end,  
Please send flowers to Knoxville Tower  
    My altitude is minus ten!

#### SKINNY JONES

Hark, the herald angels sing  
    Skinny Jones has lost his thing,  
No temptation, No desire,  
    Sings soprano in the choir.  
Skinny's sex-appeal has faded  
    Since they had him cas-ter-ated,  
Skinny tells the time by watch,  
    Since he was streamlined in the crotch.

#### NIGHT REFUELING

(Tune: Oh Suzanna)

Oh, we went night refueling  
    The weather it was dry  
Sun so bright it blinded me  
    Operations don't you cry

#### CHORUS

Night refueling -  
    Doesn't worry me.  
We do it in the daytime  
    When it's easier to see.

### FIGHTER PILOTS LAMENT

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh, the place is full of queers,  
Navigators, bombardiers  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
They are in the USO's,  
Wearing ribbons, fancy clothes  
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
The automatic pilots on,  
He's reading novels in the john  
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
The place is full of brass  
Sitting 'round on their fat arse  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States  
They are off on foreign shores  
Making mothers out of whores  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay  
Being shot at every day  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice  
It'll wreck your reputation  
But increase the population  
It's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds  
All he does is flub his dub  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

AIR FORCE LAMENT -  
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly.  
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,  
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS

Glory - - - Flying Regulations have them read at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks them  
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong,  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,  
But now it's only memory, It only lives in song.  
The Air Force has gone to HELL! (Chorus)

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame,  
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,  
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame,  
Their spirit's shot to HELL! (Chorus)

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living hell of Flak,  
And bloody dying Pilots gave their lives to bring them back,  
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations shack  
Their technique's gone to HELL! (Chorus)

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong,  
The Air Force has gone to HELL! (Chorus)

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,  
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame,  
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame,  
Our spirit's shot to HELL! (Chorus)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,  
Or you will burn in HELL! (Chorus)

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old  
When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold"  
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old,  
The Force is shot to HELL! (Chorus)

(AIR FORCE LAMENT CON'T)

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet  
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set,  
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let  
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

My bones have felt their pounding thump and hundred thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong.  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,  
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes were dancing flame,  
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that blasted Hanoi's name,  
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their heads in shame,  
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

They flew their rugged thunderchiefs through a living hell of flak,  
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,  
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations Shack,  
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew  
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,  
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin', groanin', squeal,  
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song,  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong,  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Force is Shot to HELL! (Chorus)

YELLOW TAILS

(Tune: Strawberry Blonde)

Now the 141st Yankees they don't show me much,  
While the Yellow Tails fly  
Their technique is bad and their bombing is sad,  
While the Yellow Tails fly.

Their guns are corroded, their pilots are loaded,  
Their cockpits are covered with dust,  
They fly for awhile, but they ain't got no style  
While the Yellow Tails fly.

THE GODDAMNED RESERVES  
(Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie To Me)

In peacetime the regulars are happy  
Yes, in peacetime they're anxious to serve,  
But just let them get into trouble  
And they call out the goddamned reserves.

CHORUS

Call out, call out  
Call out, the goddamned reserves, reserves  
Call out, call out  
Call out the goddamned reserves.

Oh here's to the regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan,  
They call up the goddamned reservists  
Whenever the crap hits the fan. (Chorus)

They call out the war-weary pilots  
They ask for the drafted young men,  
They send the reserves to Korea  
But the regulars stay in Japan. (Chorus)

So here's to the regular Air Force  
With their medals and badges galore.  
If it weren't for the goddamned reservists  
Their arse would be dragging the floor. (Chorus)

ALL AROUND IS DESOLATION

All around is desolation  
All around is woe and gloom  
Sister missed her mens  
Mother has a fallen womb.

Sister Sue has been aborted  
For the fourty second time  
Brother Bill has been deported  
For a sodomistic crime.

All around is desolation  
No one ever ever smiles  
And our only recreation  
Is cracking rice for father's piles.



THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK -  
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar  
You can see the old goat standing  
Beside his office door.  
He'll be sweating out the take - off  
As he's often done before.  
The man behind the armor plated desk!

Four times he's led us up there  
And he always led us back  
For he circled o'er the IP  
As we went in to attack.  
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."  
The man behind the armor plated desk!

And when the target's sighted  
Who inspires our attack?  
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads,  
But a few aren't coming back."  
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum  
When you suppress the flak,"  
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over  
And debriefing they should be  
You can search the whole field over  
But not a pilot will you see.  
For they'll all be at the "O" Club  
With a mixed drink in their hand  
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk!"

INTO THE AIR 69ERS

Into the air 69ers, into the air upside down  
Into the air 69ers, set your sights and let's go down,  
We'll all go down.

And when we see those bastard Commies  
And when we make them shit a pound,  
You can bet those 69ers, are all going down.

Into the air 69ers, on to your back "soisante-neuf  
We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers,  
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof  
And when you see those "golf balls" flying,  
And the flak begins to blast,  
You can bet the 69ers  
Will bite 'em in the ass!

## IF YOU FLY

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?  
Did you go BOOM today?  
Two blew up yesterday  
G. E. ain't here to stay

If you fly an Eight-nine  
You must be deaf dumb and blind  
for you life ain't worth a dime  
What's your scheduled blow up time?  
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a Ninety-four  
You will never holler no more  
For your lot we do not pine  
It's better than an Eight - nine.  
(Back to chorus)

If you fly an Eight-six  
You will really get your kicks  
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys  
Playing with their radar toys  
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a 101  
Tell yourself it's really fun  
One day it will pitch up with you  
And you will wish you never flew  
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a 102  
Don't go up unless it's blue  
For if you feel one drop of rain  
You'll be in pieces not a plane  
(back to chorus)

If you fly a 104  
The whole world flocks to your door  
Range is short, the bearings don't last  
But golly it sure does fly fast  
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a Thunderchief  
You will soon shake like a leaf  
Flying it may make you sick  
It handles like a great big brick  
(Back to chorus)

If you fly a Phantom Two  
You're flying days will soon be through  
It flies at twice the speed of sound  
If you can get it off the ground  
(Back to chorus)

## ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named  
Adeline Schmidt  
She went to the doctor cause she  
couldn't shit  
He gave her some medicine all  
wrapped up in glass  
Up went the window and out went  
her ass

CHORUS:  
It was brown, brown, shit  
falling down  
Brown, brown shit all around  
It was brown, brown shit  
falling down  
The whole world was covered with  
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT

A handsome young copper was  
walking his beat  
He happened to be on that side  
of the street  
He looked up so bashful, he  
looked up so shy  
And a great glob of shit hit him  
right in the eye

The handsome young copper, he  
cursed and he swore  
He called the young maiden a  
dirty old whore  
'Neath London bridge he is now  
forced to sit  
With a sign round his neck saying  
"blinded by shit"

### SAMMY SMALL

My name is Sammy Small, F em all  
My name is Sammy Small, F em all  
Oh my name is Sammy Small  
And I've only got one ball  
But its better than none at all, F em all.

Oh they say I killed a man, F em all  
Oh they say I killed a man, F em all  
Oh I hit him in the head  
With a F piece of lead,  
Now the Silly F is dead, F em all.

Oh they say that I will swing, F em all  
Oh they say that I will swing, F em all  
Oh they say that I will swing  
From a F piece of string  
What a silly F thing, F em all.

Oh the Sheriff will be there too, F em all  
Oh the Sheriff will be there too, F em all  
Oh the Sheriff will be there too  
With his silly F crew,  
They've got F all else to do, F em all.

Oh the Parson he will come, F em all  
Oh the Parson he will come, F em all  
Oh the Parson he will come  
With his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove them up his bung, F em all.

They say I greased the rope, F em all  
They say I greased the rope, F em all  
Oh they say I greased the rope  
With a F piece of soap,  
What a silly F joke, F em all.

I see Molly in the crowd, F em all  
I see Molly in the crowd, F em all  
I see Molly in the crowd, and I feel so F proud  
That I want to shout out loud, F EM ALL.

### SAMMY SMALL (S E A STYLE)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we fly the God damn plane  
Through the flak and through the rain  
And tomorrow we'll do it again  
So fuck 'em all.

SAMMY SMALL (S E A STYLE) CON'T.

Oh they tell us not to think  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they tell us not to think  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they tell us not to think  
Just to dive and just to jink  
L.B.J.'s a God damn fink  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we bombed MuGia Pass  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass  
Though we only made one pass  
They really stuck it up our ass  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we're on a J.C.S.  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we're on a J.C.S.  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they sent the whole damn wing  
Probably half of us will sing  
What a silly fucking thing  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we lost our fucking way  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we straffed God damn Hanoi  
Killed every fuckin' girl and boy  
What a God damn fucking joy  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh my bird got all shot up  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh my bird got all shot up  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh my bird it did get shot  
And I'll probably cry a lot  
But I think that its shit hot,  
So fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute  
Fuck 'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute  
Fuck 'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute  
Comes this silly fucking toot  
And hangs a medal on my root  
So fuck 'em all.

BONNIE BLUE FLAG

We are a band of brothers  
And native to the soil,  
Fighting for our liberty,  
With treasure blood and toil.  
And when our rights are threatened  
The cry rose near and far,  
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.

(CHORUS)

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights, Hurrah!  
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag,  
That bears a single star.

Here's to brave Virginia  
The Old Dominion State,  
With the young Confederacy  
At length has linked her fate.  
Impelled by her example  
The other States prepar'  
To hoist on high, the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.

### THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, And this is what he said:  
"Sabres, gentle Sabres, - Pilots one and all  
Sabres, Gentle Pilots - and the Pilots shouted Balls.  
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass  
You can take those God Damn Saber Jets and shove 'em up your ass.

#### CHORUS

Oh, Hallelujah, Oh hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's life  
Oh, hallelujah, oh hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per  
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me Sir?"  
Got two big holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas  
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday, Spin instructions please!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right.  
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight  
I turned onto the final, my engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday, Don't wanna bust my ass.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground  
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."  
Racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more  
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S'd onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low  
I pressed the F\_\_\_\_\_ button, let both my babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"  
But by the time I got there my wings were holed with flak  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly  
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday, I'm too young to die!

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line  
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line  
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it  
The God Damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with S\_\_\_\_\_.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of S\_\_\_\_\_.  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have Quartermaster Bollex for breakfast till I die.

### I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the G.D. things  
Now I don't want them anymore.  
They taught me how to fly,  
And they sent me here to die,  
I've had a bellyful of war  
You can save those zeros for the G.D. heroes,  
Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses  
Do not compensate for losses, - - Buster

#### CHORUS

I wanted wings till I got the G.D. things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,  
Air combat spelled romance, But it made me wet my pants,  
I'm not a fighter I have learned.  
You can save those Messerschmidts  
For the other sons of bitches.  
Cause I'd rather screw a woman than be shot down in a Grumman.  
Buster, I wanted wings, etc.

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY  
That's for the eager not for me  
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck  
After I've crashed into the sea  
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top  
With my hand around a bottle, not around a G.D. throttle  
Buster, I wanted wings, etc.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr  
Flak always makes me park my lunch  
I get no hey-hey when they holler "Bombs Away"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off, that is  
When they shoot your ass off.  
Oh, I'd rather come home buster, with my balls than with a cluster,  
Buster, I wanted wings, etc.

I don't fly for fun in P dash five crash one  
Blazing a path for Patton's tanks  
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance,  
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs.  
In England it was blitz and in France it is Messerschmidts,  
Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my ass starts to pucker - sucker,  
I wanted wings, etc.

ODES TO THE SUPER HOG  
THE F-84F: USAF GIVETH AND USAF TAKETH AWAY

SUPER HOG RECALL

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Oh, they finally stopped conceding  
To Nikita and his boys  
They substituted Super Hogs  
For diplomatic poise;  
Yes, they called upon the Air Guard  
WITH THEIR OBSELESCENT TOYS -  
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, we'll fly the North Atlantic  
Just as Lindbergh did before,  
Provided we get airborne  
In this ground-lovin whore,  
The water's cold, the cockpit hot,  
And our ass so God Damn sore --  
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, we'll pack a bag, kick the tire,  
Give the map a glance  
Just a navigation flight  
To an unknown part of France.  
When the Paris dollies get the word,  
Down will come their pants--  
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, the MIG has got the altitude,  
Turning rate and mach,  
But nothing can compare with  
The Super Hog's fancy clock,  
And when you point her nose down,  
She falls just like a rock--  
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

Oh, the armament on an 84  
Is a boon to the infantry troop,  
The cameras in the RF  
Make it the super snoop  
But what use is a fighter  
That flames out in the soup--  
Send the raggedy-ass militia to the fray.

SUPER HOG REFRAIN  
(Tune: MANANA)

My altitude is falling  
And my pucker string is tight,  
The engine fuel pump's busted  
Oh, I'll not be home tonight.

CHORUS

Republic, republic, the Super Hog's  
The airplane for me;  
Republic, republic, Long Island's  
Pig iron foundary.

The Super Hog is great for those  
Who've grown too old to fly,  
It's the oldest fighter  
That leaps off into the sky.

She loves to eat up runway  
Ten thousand feet you'll need.  
Just pull the gear up early;  
To get up flying speed.

(CHORUS)

Draw round and hear this story  
Of a fighter pilot's plight;  
He jumped into a Super Hog,  
Checked out on his first flight

He flew the traffic pattern  
At low airspeed and fell  
He's filling out his flight log now  
With all his friends in Hell.

(CHORUS)

So all you fighter pilots,  
Who are blessed with this ole whore,  
Just never mind and you will find  
Experience in store.

She moans and groans and climbs real slow,  
And truly loves the ground;  
But if you want to make her fly  
Just point her nose straight down.

(CHORUS)



### THE REPUBLIC BATTLE HYMN

We fly our F Super Hogs at 20,000 F feet  
We fly our F Super Hogs, thru the rain and snow and sleet,  
And tho we thing we're flying South  
We're flying F north,  
And we make our F landfall on the Firth of F Forth.

(Chorus)

Glory, Glory, Halleluiah! Glory, Glory, Halleluiah!  
Glory, Glory, Halleluiah!

(Insert last line of each verse)

We fly F Super Hogs at F all 1000 feet  
We fly those F Super Hogs, thru the trees and corn and wheat,  
And tho we think we fly with skill  
We fly with F luck,  
But we don't give a F damn or care a F F!

We fly those F Super Hogs at 20,000 F feet,  
We fly those F Super Hogs thru the rain and snow and sleet,  
And tho we think we're flying up  
We're flying F down,  
And we bust our F asses when we hit the F ground.

### THE GREECY HOG

(Tune: "Betsy from Pike")

O don't you remember the F-84  
That crossed the Atlantic with a big mighty roar  
But we struck right with her through the Wheezes and smoke  
We couldn't punch out cause we can't swim a stroke.

Chorus

With a cough, wheeze, whistle and snore  
Sounds like an F-84  
Its a cough, wheeze, whistle and snore  
Our flying collection of garbage and junk

We stopped in Madrid just to rest for awhile  
The gay senoritas all begged for a smile  
But their poor hearts were broken, I'm sorry to tell  
We stuck with those superhogs  
My God, War is Hell!

Then on to Old Greece where the girls are so sweet  
We frightened the Russians by sixes and twelves  
But it seemed most of all we just frightened ourselves.

"HAIL TO THE AIR GUARD OF VIRGINIA"  
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Here's to Charlie Wintzer he's our hero of the year  
Never curses, won't chase women, hardly ever touches beer.  
Gets his kicks from landing airplanes without lowering the gear  
He's the oldest Damn Lieutenant in the Guard.

Chorus

Hail the Air Guard of Virginia  
They will really stick it in ya  
They'll violate your drawers like a happy Santa Claus  
And you'll keep coming back for more.  
(Insert after each verse)

Mobile Bill's a sight to see while peering through the glass  
Picking his nose with the flaregun with his finger up his ass!  
He's a lover of reknown who has never yet gone down  
Ops! Charlie's on the ground .....Boom! - Scrape!

Here's the gory story of ole Masah Washington  
Jerking off on final when his engine ceased to run  
Tho he didn't dig no ditches, he sure filled up his britches  
And he won't forget the switches any more.

Its half past eight and Ryan's late for briefing again we fear  
But with blood-shot eyes and un-used dick he'll suddenly appear  
It's a 60 second stroll from the couch to takeoff roll  
Keeps his head up his ass hole for inspiration.

Listen and I'll tell you of our legend lover Mal  
In Cap Cod or Savannah he could always find a pal  
Tho we near ran out of gas, keeping Mallory in ass  
Occasionally he would pass (as a pilot).

Oh great stock collector, mighty warrior of the South  
Sixty-seven pounds of horse shit, eighty-seven pounds of mouth  
He's our genius in the bud, sticks his airline in the mud  
He's that schekie congious dud William Burbage.

ODES TO THE F-105

THUD SONGS

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG  
(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and  
the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by  
BAC-9 and the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as  
you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in  
Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy  
summer day,  
As we pitched up on the target you  
could hear all the gunners say,  
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really  
quite a dog,  
She's known around the country as  
Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will  
always smell,  
He'll always be remembered down in  
Fighter Pilots Hell,  
He frags all the targets and sends us  
out to die  
He sends us into combat in  
Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and  
the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the  
BAC-9 and the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as  
you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in  
Republic's Ultra Hog!!

### THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying  
And he never saw the pay that he earned,  
Many jocks have flown into the valley  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.  
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,  
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley  
And today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley,  
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need  
So fly high and down sun in the valley  
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley  
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton  
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.  
In the States it had always been fun,  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
'Twas the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target  
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,  
We will sit there and tickle the heads,  
For we're going to the Red River Valley  
And my call sign today is TEAK lead!

OUR LEADERS  
(Tune: Manana)

At Phillips Range in Kansas  
The jocks all had the knack  
But now that we're in bombat  
We got Colonels on our back  
And every time we say "Shit Hot"  
or whistle in the bar  
We have to answer to somebody  
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)

Our leaders, Our leaders,  
Our leaders is what they always say,  
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,  
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one  
And the jocks were scared as Hell.  
They ran to meet us with a beer  
and tell us we were swell,  
But Macce took the B.D.A.,  
And said we missed a hair.  
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell  
From the Wheels at Second Air.

(CHORUS)

They send us out in bunches  
To bomb a bridge and die  
These tactics are for bombers  
That our leaders used to fly.  
The bastards don't trust our Colonel up  
in Wing, and so I guess,  
We have to leave the thinking to  
The Wheels in J.C.S.!

(CHORUS)

The J.C.S. are generals  
And they're not always right  
Sometimes they have to think  
it over  
Well into the night.  
When they have a question  
Or something they can't hack,  
They have to leave the judgement  
To that money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger  
For he's on salary too  
To be the final say so  
If something he can't do  
Before we fly the mission  
And everything O K  
He has to get permission from  
Flight Leader L.B.J.

(CHORUS)

ON TOP OF THE POP UP  
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of the pop up  
And flat on my back  
I lost my poor wingman  
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent  
The sites were all dead,  
Until we rolled in  
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,  
The missiles flashed by  
Sweet Mother of Jesus,  
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit  
I'm going to bust  
Not one Goddamned Elint  
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots  
And listen to Dad,  
Forget about jinking  
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,  
Their flak reaches far,  
It's a long walk to Takhli,  
And a beer at the bar.

WILD WEASEL  
(Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike)

Wild Weasel, Wild weasel, they call me by name.  
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.  
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;  
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.  
Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.  
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.  
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.  
There's flak all around us, they're shooting, and how!  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.  
Keep moving, they're shooting, the target's at eight.  
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.

A missile, a missile! Let's take it on down.  
Oh, God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.  
Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.  
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.  
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.  
Set'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.  
Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.  
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.  
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.  
And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE  
(Tune: The Strawberry Roan)

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty  
clime,  
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack  
of time,  
When up walks this Colonel and says,  
"I suppose  
You're a trained killer by the looks  
of your clothes."  
Well I looked him up once and I looked  
him down twice.  
I could tell by his sneer he weren't  
thinkin' nice,  
So I said in a voice that shook with  
the fear.  
I'm your man if you buy the beer."

The Colonel then said, "I've a place  
in mind  
Where you can go, if you're not blind,  
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,  
I need a man that's good in the clutch."  
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,  
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.  
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found  
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.  
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up  
in twine.  
"This is your bird, now get on your way."  
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn  
my pay.  
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,  
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief  
shout,  
"The oil pressure's low, the water  
don't work,  
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE CONT'D

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,  
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.  
Well I take on off at two hundred per,  
I got two on the wings and a full loaded MER.  
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,  
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet.

Well I take on my gas and head out on course,  
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.  
But Lion is down and Invert won't say,  
And Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for the best,  
Those bastards don't know the East from the West.  
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look for the bridge,  
They said it was South but it's East of the ridge.  
I roll in on my run, it looks easy as pie,  
'Til the flak starts burstin' and coverin' the sky.

I coolly comput all the mils I will need  
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.  
I check my drift and with the bridge in my sight.  
I mash on the button and pull off to the right,  
Well I check back at six and I see this big bird,  
He's a closing in fast and he's sure riding herd.  
As he flashes by there's a Red Star on each side,  
It must be a MIG and there's no place to hide.

I head for the deck with all that she's got,  
When along comes this SAM...my God I've been shot!  
While driftin' down in my chute all alone,  
I'm finally convinced that I'm no "smokin' stone."  
I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas right now  
With a face full of horseshit, my hand on the plow  
But that ain't so and Im down in the drink  
A day like today can sure make a man think!

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge  
Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge  
They've flak and missiles, you're some sittin'duck  
At downing good pilots they've had lots of luck.



### SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders  
Raised up her leg and farted like a man  
The wind from her bloomers, broke fourteen windows  
And the cheeks of her ass went:  
BAM! BAM! BAM!

### UP IN THAT VALLEY (Tune: Down in the Valley)

Up in that valley,  
That valley so low  
Where the SAM missiles flourish,  
And the 85s glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,  
The Hanoi rail yard,  
The bridges at Bac Giang  
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,  
And the strike pilots flail,  
The MIGs try to bounce us,  
But they always fail.

The MIG cap he hollers,  
"There's bandits at twelve!"  
"Launch!" screams the Weasel,  
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'  
Right next to my hide,  
All I can hear is,  
"You're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run  
The target's in sight  
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking  
"I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,  
What a beautiful sight.  
Oh shit, I just noticed  
An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,  
I know I'm not dead  
Please, God, get this old Thud  
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past  
That muddy old slough,  
The Sandys and Jollys  
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,  
And now I can boast  
The rest I can finish  
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,  
Although I must say,  
I often have seen it,  
Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley  
That valley of grief  
I hope all your flights there  
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,  
So long to Takhli  
Don't bust your ass, buddy,  
I'm going home free.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS  
(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha  
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha  
One hundred missions we have flown,  
One hundred bridges we have blown,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha  
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha  
From one to one hundred we did count,  
But now one half or more don't count,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha  
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha  
They said they'd give us combat pay,  
And then the bastards took it away,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha  
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha  
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,  
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha  
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha,  
The Weasels fly around alone,  
With half a flight they head for home,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha  
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha  
The force rolls in amidst the flak,  
One half or more won't make it back,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha  
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha  
Not many will return alive,  
Who flew the bloody 105,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

### POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site  
The missile chased the Weasel.  
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.  
Pop goes the weasel  
Willy Peter showed us where  
To roll in to displease 'em  
One more pass with HEI.  
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,  
Did more than just tease 'em.  
The Russian Techs got all pissed off.  
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.  
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.  
They show their ass, we shoot it off.  
Pop goes the Weasel.

### DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI (Tune: Winchester Cathedral)

Don't send me to Hanoi,  
Please, don't put my name down.  
The shooting is bad there.  
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,  
More milling around.  
Another Brown Anchor,  
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bay  
I don't like that much flak.  
It takes too much damn gas  
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,  
I don't want to get none,  
Those BUF support missions,  
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,  
Where there are no big guns,  
I just want to fly where  
It's easy on my bear.

THE THUD DRIVERS THEME  
(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

From a hootch in Southeast Asia,  
To the place where aces dwell  
To the strip club down at Zuke  
We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled  
With their glasses raised on high,  
Sing they poorly not too clearly,  
Loud as well.

We will throw our glasses wildly,  
And throw our bombs as well  
And the finks at Two A.D. can go to hell.

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost our way  
Help---Help---Help. We flew to the town  
of Hanoi today, Help---Help---Help.  
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue,  
Lead got zapped by an SA-2,  
Let's haul ass or they'll zapp us too,  
A-----B-----now!!!

OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MIN

Oh little town of Ho-Chi-Min  
How safe you think you lie  
Beneath your ring of SA-2s  
You think the "Fives" won't fly.  
Yet through the cloud deck raineth  
A deadly trail of bombs,  
Too late for fear, the end is near.  
How about that TBC???

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY  
(Tune: My Indiana Home)

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,  
And the 85s start puffing at Kep Hay,  
You will know your target's just around that mountain  
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you reach your pull up point and start your pop up,  
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,  
You see the bridge and as you start your roll in,  
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running.  
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,  
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges,  
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly,  
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,  
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,  
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,  
A drink of water helps you on your way,  
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,  
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving down, you're running,  
But his overtake is much too great today,  
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,  
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play!

JUST A BOWL OF BUTTER BEANS

Thou are weak but he is strong  
Jesus keep me from all wrong  
Just a closer walk with thee  
Let it be Dear Lord, Let it be

Just a bowl of Butter Beans  
Pass the cornbread if you please  
I don't want no collard greens  
All I want is a bowl of butter beans.

Just a piece of country ham  
Pass the butter and the jam  
Pass the biscuits if you please  
And some more of those good old  
Butter Beans.

Bread and Gravy is all right  
Turnip sandwich, a Delight  
But my children all still scream  
For another bowl of Butter Beans.

When they lay my bones to rest  
Place no rose on my chest  
Plant no bloomin' evergreens  
All I want is a bowl of Butter  
Beans

Just a bowl of Butter Beans  
Pass the cornbread if you please  
I don't want no collard greens  
All I want is a bowl of Butter  
Beans.

ON TOP OF OLD THUD RIDGE  
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Thud Ridge  
All covered with flak  
I lost my poor wingman  
He'll never get back.

For flying's a pleasure  
And dying a grief  
And a quick triggered Commie  
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you  
And take all you save  
But a quick triggered Commie  
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you  
And turn you to dust  
Not a Commie in a thousand  
Can a Thud driver trust.

Now when the bad weather  
Keeps the ships down  
All day we can hear this  
Horrible sound:

"Attention all Pilots  
Now listen to this  
There'll be a short meeting  
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures  
Then give us some more  
But we have all heard them  
Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainees  
You can't fight the group  
Whatever they tell you  
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story  
Is easy to see  
Don't go to Haiphong  
Or old Quang Khe

JINGLE BELLS

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrot one-o-five  
Flying thru the flak, never looking back  
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMs are called away  
Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Oh what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day.

CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,  
Daddy Vulcan strikes again  
Our Christmas gift to you.

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh little town of Ho Chi Men  
How safe you think you lie  
Beneath your ring of SA-2's  
You think the Fives won't fly.  
Yet thru the cloud deck raineth  
A deadly trail of bombs  
Too late for fear, the end is near  
How about that One-0-Five.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85MM GUNNER  
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the force  
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed till he is hoarse  
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job to do"  
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun I stand  
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense of this land  
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I call grand  
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit  
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like it one damn bit  
If they miss me this last time I think that I shall quit  
The Thuds are coming in.

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell  
Each day they scare us shitless in a way we know so well  
Our Commie Satan he stands up, you hear that bastard yell  
The Thuds are coming in.

I WANTED WINGS (THUD VERSION)

I've been alive  
Twenty years, plus four or five,  
And I've tried many a pursuit.  
I went to pilot school,  
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,  
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded  
And like a fool I made it.  
Then they made me number four,  
And then they sent me off to war,

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I WANTED WINGS (Thud version)

I've been alive  
Twenty years, plus four or five  
And I've tried many a pursuit  
I went to pilot school,  
Learned the ropes and learned the rules  
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded  
And like a fool I made it.  
Then they made me number four,  
And then they sent me off to war,

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief  
Is just twenty tons of grief  
The dirty sons-of-bitches  
Filled it with three hundred switches

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive  
They taught me how to survive  
At a place nestled in the hills  
They fed me porcupine,  
And other goodies fine  
Pemmican to cure all my ills

And in three weeks I had made it  
They said I'd graduated  
Well, buddy, If that's livin'  
Think that I'll just give in,

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training  
In the snow, and when it's raining  
I'd rather be a weenie  
With my tootie and martini

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay  
But I cannot get away  
In Hanoi they all love parades  
Each day we take a walk  
Through Hanoi's Central Park  
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid

Oh, those little yellow mammas  
Dressed us all in black pajamas,  
Spectators, they just sit there,  
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit **there**

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore

You can have your 105  
I' much rather stay alive  
The lousy afterburner  
Gets you north just that much sooner,

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are just in jest  
Thud drivers are best,  
At flying 'n chasing women too  
The goods they deliver  
Are sure to make Ho shiver,  
And wish to hell this was through  
And for some it is all over  
They lie down neath the clover  
For they did go down in flames,  
But we will not forget their names,

Buster

They wanted wings  
And they've trulu got their wings,  
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations  
For those heaven-bound formations,  
If they don't like it, well  
They can split-S down Hell

Buster

They wanted wings  
And they've truly got their wings,  
And they will wear them evermore.



### THE WEASEL-BEARS' PICNIC

If you go up into the sky today  
You will go alone  
If you go into a dive today  
No bear will screech or moan  
For every bear that ever there was  
Is on the ground for certain because  
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic  
They'll all sit around the pool today  
And steadily bitch and moan.

This lack of action in the skys  
They barely can condone  
Assistant fighter pilots are they,  
They feel like a horse whose put to hay.  
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

Just put us back into the Thud they say  
And our souls will be content  
Just put us into the skys to play,  
A night BUF will pay the rent.  
Please leave us no more down on the ground  
Cause in the pool we almost did drown,  
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

### THE GRUNT SONG

Chorus: I said where in the hell do you all come from  
There's something I'd like to know  
They live around the base and they take up all the space  
I'd like to tell them all just where to go

Well we came to old Korat in the year of 69  
To stay and fight the war upon the front  
They told us about the flak and sams and natives too  
But forgot to warn us all about the grunt.

They beat you to the dining hall, they beat you to the bar,  
You have to stand in line in the latrine  
I don't know if they plan it all or leave it all to chance  
But it makes the pilots think its mighty mean.

You see them at the swimming pool and at coffee all day long  
And a lot of other things that I forgot  
I think the devil hired 'em and sent 'em everyone  
To really make it hell in old Korat.

They'll gamble you at poker or they'll gamble at dice  
I tell you men I think its getting worse  
I asked them for the change to a twenty dollar bill  
And the bastard almost hit me with his purse.

### I LOVE MY BEAR

I love my Bear, Yes I do, Yes I do  
I love that asshole  
I love the scope that he looks into  
I love his blips, tiddely-ips, tiddely-ips  
and his little black boxes  
He'll fly until his ass is black and blue

### BATTLE HYMN

We fly our F---ing Thuds at 10,000 F---ing feet  
We fly our F---ing Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying south  
We're flying F---ing north  
And we make our F---ing landfall on the firth of F---ing forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah  
(Repeat last line of each verse)

We fly those F---ing Thuds at f--k all 1,000 feet  
We fly those F---ing Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat  
And though we think we fly with skill  
We fly with F---ing luck  
But we don't give a F---ing damn or care a F---ing F--k.

Chorus

We fly those F---ing Thuds at 10,000 F---ing feet  
We fly those F---ing Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying up  
We're flying f---ing down  
And we bust or F---ing asses when we hit the F---ng ground.

### MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats  
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits  
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice  
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits  
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch oh twice as big as me  
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,  
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

OUR ENGLISH HERITAGE

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

Call out the Army and the Navy,  
Call out the rank and file  
Call out the Royal Territorials  
They face danger with a smile,  
Call out the boys of the old Bridge  
That made old England free,  
You can call out my brother,  
My sister and my mother  
But for God's sake don't call me  
Gor' Blimey:

CHORUS

I don't want to join the Army  
I don't want to go to war  
I'd rather hang around  
The Picadilly under ground  
Living on the earnings of a high born lady,  
Don't want a bullet up my ass hole  
I don't want my ballocks shot away--  
I'd rather be in England,  
In bonny bonny England  
And fornicate my fucking life away:  
Gor' Blimey:

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday success, I lifted up her dress  
Thursday her chemise, Gor' Blimey  
Friday I put my hand upon it,  
Saturday night she gave my balls a tweak--  
And Sunday after supper,  
I rammed the old boy up her  
And now I'm paying seven and six a week'.  
Gor' Blimey. (Back to Chorus)

LLOYD GEORGE

(Tune: Onward Christian Soldiers)

Lloyd George knows my Father  
Father knows Lloyd George  
Lloyd George knows my Father  
Father knows Lloyd George;

AD INFINITUM

### A BRITISH WORKMAN'S GRAVE

They're digging up father's grave  
To build a sewah, a sewah,  
They're digging it up regardless of expense  
They're digging up his remains  
To put in six inch drains,  
To sanitare some rich man's residence,  
Gor' Blimey

Now whats the use of having a religion, religion  
If when you die your troubles never cease,  
Some some high society t'wit  
Can have a pipe line for his shit,  
And never let a booger rest in peace  
Gor' Blimey

Now during his life my father  
Was never a quitah, a quitah,  
I don't suppose he'll be a quitah now  
He'll dress up in a sheet  
And haunt that shit house seat,  
And only let them crap when he allows,  
Gor' Blimey  
Now won't there be some bloody constipation, pation  
But it only what they deserve,  
For having the frapping nerve,  
To bugger up a British Workman's grave!

### BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A pilot told me, before he died  
And I don't think that the bastard lied.  
He had a wife with a cunt so wide  
That she could never be satisfied.  
So he fashioned a prick of shining steel  
Driven by a rachet and a bloody great wheel  
Two brass balls all filled with cream  
And the whole issue was driven by steam.  
Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the prick-of steel.  
Till at last this maiden cried,  
"Enough, Enough, I'm satisfied."  
Here's where the story bogs down a bit--  
There was no way of stopping it.  
She was torn from ass to tit,  
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit,

She lost her ass.

### FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

T'was on the ggod ship Venus, my God you should have seen us,  
The figurehead was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampant penis.

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging  
Frigging in the rigging, there's F-- all else to do.

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another.

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon  
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ.

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy  
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy.

The midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper  
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mable, whenever she was able  
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table.

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water  
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her sexual quarter.

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces  
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places.

So drunk with exaultation, we reached our China station  
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation.

### LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town  
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down,  
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch  
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus:

Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly,  
You know the one I mean, the one I mean  
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey day  
With Lilly, my blackout queen.

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face  
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace  
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette  
But gosh o gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget.

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY CONT'D

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy, are you lonesome, are you blue  
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do  
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid,  
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid.

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms  
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom charms  
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I ever lost my hat,  
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat.

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,  
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed,  
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice  
What she did for twenty quid, was cheaper at half the price.

TURA LYURA LYANY

CHORUS

Sing Tura Lyura Lyany  
Sing Tura Lyura Ly ai  
Sing Tura Lyura Lyany Lyany  
Sing Tura Lyara Ly ai

The sexual life of the camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
He spends his amorous moments  
attempting to bugger the Sphinx  
(Chorus)

Now the Sphinx's posterier office  
Is closed by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.  
(Chorus)

Extensive experimentation  
By Addison, Huxley and Hall  
Conclusively proved that the hedgehog  
Could never be buggered at all  
(Chorus)

But here's to the lads down at Harvard  
And her's to the queers down at Yale  
Who effectively buggered the hedgehog  
By removing the spines from his tail.  
(Chorus)

THE BALL AT KARRIE MAIR

There was a ball, bloody great ball  
The ball at Karrie Mair,  
Four and twenty whores, came down from Avie More

CHORUS

Singing hie di ye last night  
Hie di ye no  
The man that had ye last night, Canner hie ye no

Oh the bride was in the bedroom explaining to the groom  
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front  
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot in her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits  
Diving off the mantle piece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats,  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks  
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

Oh the village blacksmith he was there, his hammer and his awls  
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs  
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

The village idiot he was there, the bugger would na dance  
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The burly Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers  
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores.

The village cripple he was there, he couldn't do very much  
So he laid them on the carpet and fucked them with his crutch.

The chimneysweep he was there, we had to put him out  
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox  
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest  
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

LYDIA PINKHAM

CHORUS

Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham  
And her love for the human race  
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle  
And every label hears her face.

Now Mrs. Murphy, had husband trouble  
She did not like to fiddle-de-dee  
But after taking a bottle of compound  
They had to tie her to a tree.

Now Mrs. Murphy had baby trouble  
She could not have a baby dear  
But she took a bottle of compound  
Now she has them twice a year.

Now Mrs. Murphy had titty trouble  
To feed her baby she knew not how  
But after taking a bottle of compound  
They had to milk her like a cow.

Now Mrs. Murphy had kidney trouble  
In the morning she could not pee  
But after taking a bottle of compound  
They had to pipe her out to sea.

IT'S THE POOR WHAT GET THE BLAME

Life presents a doleful picture,  
All is silent as the tomb,  
Father has a painful stricture,  
Mother has a fallen womb.

CHORUS

Hits the rich what gets the blessings's  
Hits the poor what gets the blame  
Hits the same the world over  
Ain't it all a fucking shame.

She was poor but she was honest,  
Victim of a rich man's whim.  
When she met that Christian gentleman,  
And she had a child by him.....Chorus

Now he sits in the House of Parliament,  
Making laws for all mankind,  
While she walks the streets of London,  
Selling chunks of her behind.....Chorus

In a rose embowered cottage,  
There was born a child of sin,  
The little bastard had no pappy  
So she gently did him in.....Chorus



### THE DUCHESS

Oh, the duchess, she was dressing  
Dressing for the ball  
When out the window  
She did spy him  
Pissing on the wall.

#### CHORUS

With his little white kidney wiper  
And balls the size of these  
And half a yard of foreskin  
Hanging down below his knees  
Oh, hanging down  
Oh, handing down  
With a half a yard of foreskin  
Hanging down below his knees.

So, she sent him a letter  
And in it she did say  
I'd rather be fucked by you  
Than my husband any day.

So, he mounted on his charger  
And through the streets he did ride  
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder  
And his cock lashed to his side.

Oh, he rode into the courtyard  
He rode into the hall  
"My God", cried the butler  
"He's come to fuck us all"

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen  
He fucked the maid in the hall  
But when he fucked the butler  
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

Then he mounted on his charger  
And rode into the streets  
With little drops of semen  
Pitter-pattering at his feet.

Oh, they say he's gone to Hades  
They say he's down in hell  
They say he fucks the devil  
And I know he fucks him well.

### CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Cats on the rooftops, Cats on the tiles,  
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles,  
Cats with their ass holes wreathed in rosy smiles  
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the hippopotamus so it seems  
Seldom ever has wet dreams  
But when he does, he comes in streams,  
As he revels in joys of copulation.

The donkey is a funny bloke  
He seldom ever takes a poke  
But when he does he lets it soak  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with a belly full of joy  
Your wife has the monthly and your daughter's looking coy  
Then you jam it up the ass of your eldest boy  
And he revels in the joys of copulation.

But if you wake up in the morning with a hard cock stand,  
And you've got that funny feeling in your seminary gland,  
Then by Jesus Christ, you use your hand,  
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

### O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar  
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter,  
Came a thought into my mind--  
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

#### CHORUS

Fiddley-I Eeee, Fiddley-I-Oh,  
Fiddley-I-Eeee, for the one-ball Reilly;  
Rig Jig jig, Balls and all  
Rub a dub dub shag all!

I grabbed that she-bitch by the ass,  
Then I threw my left leg over,  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,  
Shagged until the fun was over.....(Chorus)

There came a knock upon the door;  
Who should it be but her God damn father?  
Two horse pistols in his hand,  
Looking for the guy that shagged his daughter...(Chorus)

I grabbed that bastard by the balls,  
Shoved his head in a pail of water,  
Shoved those pistols up his ass,  
A damn sight further than I shagged his daughter..(Chorus)

As I go walking down the street,  
People shout from every corner,  
"There goes-- the son of a bitch,  
The guy that shagged O'Reilly's daughter!.....(Chorus)

EARLY ABORT  
(Tune: McNammara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, I'm the leader of the group,  
Just step into my briefing room; I'll give you all the poop.  
I'll tell you where the Luftwaffe is and how to dodge the flak.  
I'll be the last one to take off, the first one to get back.

CHORUS

Early abort, avoid the rush;  
Early abort, now don't delay.

Now we'll all line up and take off and set our course at 10:00  
And when we reach the channel we will all turn back again.  
We'll call the tower and get a steer; we don't know where we've been.  
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.  
(Chorus)

Oh, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred bloody feet.  
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet.  
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're Bloody north,  
And we make our bloody land fall at the firth of Bloody Forth.  
(Chorus)

Oh, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred bloody feet.  
We fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet.  
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low,  
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush.  
Early abort, now don't delay.  
Oh, my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_,  
I'm the leader of the group with all the poop!

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER  
(Tune: After the Party's Over)

After the mission's over  
After we all get back  
We get interrogated  
Where did you see the flak?  
How were the Jerry fighters?  
What time was tally ho?  
Have you any bitches?  
If not you may go.  
We like the P=47  
We think they handle swell  
We like to fly formation  
We're all as nuts as Hell

We like the fighter peel-off  
It will kill us all some day.  
Land in 15 seconds  
Or the Colonel will have to say  
(any name, you straggled all day  
\_\_\_\_\_ used poor technique  
\_\_\_\_\_ you had your head up  
We'll have a short critique  
You missed the land fall-in \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_, you will report  
Why, with only one wing off  
You had to abort.

EARLY ABORT  
(Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, I'm the leader of the group  
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black  
I'll be the last one off the -eck, I'll be the first one back.

CHORUS

Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush  
Early abort, avoid the rush  
Oh, my name's Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, I'm the leader of the group.

My name is Major \_\_\_\_\_, and I lead old liberty  
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me  
But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do  
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've hear of nightmares, and the things they do  
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
The pilots htey are ready, but let the skipper shout  
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check-out"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing  
Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing  
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanna go too  
But just you give them half a chance, and her's what they will do.

Oh, I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great  
But when it comes to fighting MIGs, those bastards just don't rate  
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue  
But when it comes to fighting MIGs I'll tell you what I'll do.

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten  
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again  
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been  
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

Oh, we fly those bloody Sabre at a hundred bloody feet  
We dan fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet  
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north  
And we make our bloody landfall at the First of bloody forth.

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet  
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet  
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low  
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

Now when this war is over and we're back in the USA  
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say  
But if we have another war and they give us the '86  
To hell with all the Generals staff, we won't get in that fix.

SO LONG - IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU

I've sung this song, and I'll sing it again  
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been.  
Of some of the things that have bothered my mind  
And alot of good Wingmen that I've left behind.

CHORUS

Singing so long, It's been good to know you  
So long, It's been good to know you, so long it's been good to know you  
It's been a long time since I've been home  
So I've Gotta be drifting along.

This story begins when we gathered to brief  
We listened to the words of our red headed chief.  
He said, "listen men and I'll tell you the tricks  
About what is the way with the F-86.....Chorus

We turned on the runway and started to roll  
I gave her the throttle and poured on the coal,  
The JATO was heavy, my God it was thick  
So I went on the gauges and yanked on the stick.....Chorus ...

We flew up to Sunan and dodged all the flak  
I called to my leader, "Oh please take me back",  
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds.  
But instead of turning, he muttered these words.....Chorus

We then went to Sukchon and glide-bomed the rails  
We broke to the right with flak on our tails,  
We rendezvoused high with the MIG's in the sun  
And I thought to myself we should give 'er the gun.....Chorus

Then we circled to join up it was a great race  
The MIG's would soon come up and give us a chase,  
Number four man's five hundreds were still tightly hung  
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done.....Chorus

I called my leader, "I'm low on fuel,  
If you turn around quick I can get back to Seoul".  
Just then he shouted "There's MIGs on the lead  
So we'll break to the left and get up some speed.".....Chorus

Well I broke to the left and felt a great jar  
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar,  
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out  
And over the RT I started to shout.....Chorus

BUDDIES SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU  
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU  
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU, BUT IT'S NOT MUCH THAT I CAN SAY  
FOR IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE AUGERED TODAY.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG  
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak  
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back  
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief  
And a quick triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save  
But a quick triggered Commie, will send you to the grave  
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust  
Not one MIG in a thousand a Sabre Jet can trust.

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down  
All day we can hear, this horrible sound  
They'll have a short meeting, that you dare not miss  
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more  
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group  
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow  
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low  
He put on an air show, he did it for me  
On top of Mt Fuji, he clobbered a tree  
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass  
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

MIG-15 (Tune: I T'ought I Saw A Pussycat)

I t'ought I saw a MIG-15, a tweeping up on me  
I did, I did, I saw him, as big as he could be  
I am that great big MIG-15, Ivan is my name  
And if I catch that 84, I'll shoot him down in flame.

TAEGU GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we  
We don't believe in virginity - Oh horse--shit!  
We don't use candles we use broom handles  
We are the Taegu girls.

And every night at twelve on the clock  
We watch the white man piss on the ROK  
We like the way he handles his cock  
We are the Taegu girls.

And every year at our annual dance  
We go around without any pants  
We like to give those pilots a chance  
We are the Taegu girls.

TO THE REGULARS (Tune: Mr and Mrs Mississippi)

I won't forget Kore  
I can't forget Kunsan  
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin  
Have made me feel at home.  
I flew across the bomblines  
And got a hole or two  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you, and you, and you.

CHORUS

Oh I was called to risk my ass  
And save the UN too  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you, and you, and you.

The AA was terrific  
The small arms were intense  
While flyboys bombed the front lines  
The division did the rest.  
While the regulars held their desk jobs  
The reserves were called in mass  
For the UN knew the air reserve  
Was the one to save their ass.

I love you dear old USA  
With all my aching heart  
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves  
We'd never had to part

AIR FORCE!!

Now gather round closely,  
I'll sing this refrain  
'Bout life in Morocco here  
At Sidi Slimane;  
There's not enough women  
To grace this bare land  
But there's plenty of flea bites,  
Of dung heaps and sand.

The haze in the daytime  
will wither your soul,  
And through the long evenings  
You will shiver with cold,  
It's so dirty and sticky  
With the heat and the smell,  
You'll think you've been buried  
And you've gone straight to hell.

## AIR FORCE!! CONT'D

Each pilot then swears that  
He's been wrongly assigned,  
And the Air Force commander  
Has gone out of his mind,  
While he sits there a-sweating  
Wondering why he is here  
The salt from his tear drops  
Makes his whiskey taste queer.

And the boys you will notice  
Who take it so hard  
Are the recalled reservists  
And the Air National Guard;  
But with all of their whining,  
There's one thing that's clear,  
Sure, It's rough in Morocco,  
But it's death in Korea.

### THE RESERVIST'S LAMENT

(Tune: Cigareets, Whiskey, Wild Women)

I was a civilian and flew on week ends,  
VFR flying and boozin with friends  
But I am a retread and older I grow  
Now I fly a Super Hog, it's old and its slow

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air  
Then off to Europe, we're fucked up for air  
We came to Etain to fly with this Group  
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop

I flew my first mission and it was a snap  
Just follow the leader don't look at your map,  
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight  
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night

Went up to Mig Alley, S-2 said no sweat  
If I had not looked round, I'd be up there yet  
Six Migs jumped our ass and the Leader yelled Break!  
Full bore and straight down, how my knees did shake

If I live thru a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is too sore  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair



KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune: Cigarettes, Whiskey and Wild, Wild Women)

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
Flew Fox-eighty-sixes at old Victorville  
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"  
The next thing I knew, I was stuck in Taegu.

CHORUS

Kuni-ri and Antung and wild wild pyong-yang,  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forites and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

We go to the briefing while it is still night  
We lift off the runway before it is light  
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way  
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, the sun's overhead  
We think of the wheels who are snug in their beds,  
We drop our big tips and we break to the right  
Bingo we cry with all of our might.

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race,  
A man is a monkey to give it a chase,  
Here's my description take warning dear brother,  
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other.

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "no sweat"  
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet  
Six MIGs jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "break"  
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track  
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flak  
But the guns from that place would make day out of night  
Oh God how I wish all I did was dog fight.

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine  
The Sui-ho reservoir is plainly seen  
But MIGs out of Antung send sweat down my back  
So I head for Kanggye and get shot down by flak.

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed - what a sound  
A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating towards ground,  
I showed them my blood chit, they said "No sweat Mac"  
They hand me an A frame, now I'm walking back.

"LET'S HAVE A PARTY" -

Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
So let's have a party

We're gonna tear down the bar in our town.  
And then build a new bar  
Its only gonna be one foot wide  
But it'll be a MILE long.  
There'll be no bartenders in our bar  
We're gonna have BARMAIDS  
Our barmaids will wear long skirts  
And no BLOUSES  
You can't take our barmaids home  
They'll take YOU home.  
You can't sleep with our Barmaids  
They WON'T LET you sleep.  
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass  
WHISKEY free  
Only one to a customer  
Served in BUCKETS  
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river  
Then we'll all go SWIMMING  
No girls allowed above the first floor  
With their clothes on  
There'll be no loving on the dance floor  
And there'll be no DANCING ON THE LOVING FLOOR.

[illegible]

Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY! 🎉🎉🎉

"COURAGE"

Some liquor was spilled on the barroom floor  
The joint was closed for the night  
When out of the corner crept a little gray mouse  
And sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor from the barroom floor  
And on his haunches he sat  
And all night long you could hear him ROAR  
BRING ON YOUR GOD DAM CAT!

### BRING THAT BASE LEG IN

Flying' round the pattern  
And was I having fun  
Until one day I undershot  
And now my flying's done

Oh, the pieces flew and the pieces fell  
As I slid onto the ground,  
And all the while the tower yelled,  
"Pull up and go around."

### CHORUS

Bring that base-leg in, boys  
Bring that base-leg in,  
Space yourself on the forty-five  
And bring that base-leg in.

### CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

We fly the Sabre with Fourth Fighter Group  
Ask any Lt., he'll give you the poop.  
We sit in the cockpit and push on a rudder  
We help one anudder.

The MIG is a blight on the whole human race  
When you're north of Chinapo, they're found every place  
They've got apes for pilots and they're hard to tame  
If you're not a hot rock, they'll shoot you down in flames.

### THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number one was having fun, Number two got quite a few  
Number four got some more as he said  
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead  
As we came around and tried to ger some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts  
Little children sucking tits and them shot tight from their mitts  
As we came around and tried to get some m ore.

There were women in hte crowd, little shildren cried aloud  
But they all carried guns for the foe.  
Athere were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh, it seemed an awful crome, as we shot them in their prime  
But they got number three, don't you see  
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back  
As we came around and tried to get some more.  
(Repeat First Verse)

HUTCH'S BALLAD  
(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers  
Way out in the hills so grand,  
Located in Korea, right next to no-mans land  
Our fans now they were G.I.'s  
And they thought our Mustang's grand  
As we circled o'er the target  
Watching "willie peter" land

But our controller was neurotic  
Near the ground he wouldn't go,  
We toggled off our babies and  
We watched them hit below  
He had placed his rockets wildly  
And he'd fouled the whole damn show,  
But when we got the grading  
Sure it was Zero! Zero!

Sure a little bit of airplane fell  
From out the sky one day,  
It landed west of Pyongyang  
Not very far away  
Comet Red won't be coming back  
It made us very blue  
But we went on to our target  
And we dropped our babies true

So we sprinkled it with fifties  
Just to keep their heads down low,  
Then we hurried back to S-2  
To lie about our show.  
When you read it in the papers  
All about the 18th's capers,  
For old Benny, Bless his soul!

STRAFING IN A MOUNTAIN PASS

Strafing in a mountain pass  
Couldn't make the turn  
Twelve tons of thunderjet  
Watch that Bastard Burn

We've fought the MIG's at Kunure, We fought at Sinafee  
They nailed us down at Kyomipo, and we lost quite a few.

We flew these birds from old K-2, six thouaand feet they said  
Don't ask a 49'er boys, the Bastards are all dead.

### WHY DID I JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Oh, the T-Jet's a very fine aircraft  
Constructed of rivets and tin.  
It cruises well over one-fifty  
The ship with the headwind built in.

#### CHORUS:

Oh, why did I join the Air Force?  
Mother, dear mother knew best  
Here I lie "neath the wreckage  
A T-Jet all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission  
You will be happy to learn,  
The crew chief is betting good money  
Ten to one you will never return.

#### CHORUS

Now when you are out on a mission,  
A Messerschmidt makes a fine pass;  
Reach up, grab hold of the rip chord  
To Hell with the ship, save your ass!

#### CHORUS

### MOONSHINE

(Tune: You Are My Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine  
You guide my fighters  
When skies are grey  
I chase your bogies from here to Moji  
Just to find they have gone the other way.  
The other day boys, as I was flying,

I heard Moonshine Controller say:  
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume,  
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact  
And I believed him like a dope,  
I flew to Moji-and still no bogie  
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine  
How could you let me down this way?  
My shute was swingin' they heard me singin'  
Won't you take that Moonshine away?

IT WAS SAD, OH IT WAS SAD  
(Tune: Titantic)

It was up by Kunure, where I won my DFC  
While out on armed recce, to see what I could see  
When I spied a church below,  
And I let my rockets go,  
It was sad when those rockets went down

It was sad, It was sad,  
It was sad when those rockets went down---  
Hit the steeple  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives!  
It was sad when those rockets went down

It was up by Sib yon Nee, 30 miles from the Yellow Sea  
While out on armed recce, to see what I could see  
When I spied a farmer man,  
With his penis in his hand  
It was sad when that napalm went down

It was sad, Oh it was sad,  
It was sad when that napalm went down---  
Hit the farmer  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives!  
It was sad when that napalm went down

It was up by Sinanju, when I thought that I was through  
Quad 50's and 40's had shot my coolant through  
It was then I hit the silk  
Oh my God I strained my milk  
It was sad when that pilot went down

It was sad, Oh it was sad,  
It was sad when that pilot went down  
To the people  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children pulled their knives!  
It was sad when that pilot went down

RED NOSE MIGS (Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming  
Not a Sabre in sight  
Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming  
And they want to fight  
Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home  
Oh, a Sabre in sight